

# Spirit of the Age.

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## The Spirit of the Age, A Temperance Story.

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EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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## Original Papers.

For the Spirit of the Age.

### Dialogue Between Two Drunkards.

ONE OF THEM NAMED MAT, AND THE OTHER JO.

Mat.—Good morning, Jo; which way  
so early?

Jo.—I'm going over to Paddy's saloon  
to get my whisky. I feel pretty rough  
this morning, by hooker.

Mat.—Well, Jo, I've been wanting to  
see you for a day or two. Suppose we  
walk up to the grove in Mr. Seymour's lot.  
I would like to have a private talk with  
you.

Jo.—I'm willing to go with you, Mat,  
but can't you wait till I go over to Paddy's  
and get a horn? I feel wretched bad.

Mat.—No, Jo, I would rather talk to  
you before you drink any more.

Jo.—Well, if I must I must. I don't  
like to disoblige a good friend like you.

Mat.—Well, Jo, we are now by our-  
selves, and I want to have a plain talk with  
you—you know we have always been good  
friends, and I want to remain so. I  
have had some strange thoughts of late,  
and I thought I would unburden myself to  
you fully and freely, before I would  
mellow the thing to any one else.

Jo.—I have had some curious thoughts  
myself, and maybe we have both been  
thinking about the same thing. I would  
like to hear from you, by golly.

Mat.—I have been thinking of late that  
you and I have both been doing wrong a  
long time—and that if we ever do any  
good, either for ourselves or others, it is  
high time we would change our course.—  
You know, Jo, that we have spent nearly  
all our hard earnings for liquor, and that  
our poor wives and children are suffering  
for the necessities of life. And just so  
long as we visit these drinking saloons it  
will never be any better; besides old Paddy  
don't care a damn what becomes of us,  
or our families, provided he gets our money.

Jo.—Why, Mat, don't it seem strange  
that you and I have been thinking about  
the very same thing?

Mat.—I am glad, Jo, that such is the  
fact, and I hope that what will come of it.  
If the money we have paid out for liquor  
had been spent in providing for our families,  
they would have been as comfortable and  
respectable as any families in town.—  
But just think of it! our wives are broken-  
hearted and in rags, our children are al-  
most naked and starved, and just think that  
this is all owing to our drinking liquor! it is  
too bad—and just to think old Paddy's get-  
ting rich, while we are acting the fool. I  
don't think I can stand it any longer.—  
What say you?

Jo.—Well, Mat, what can I say, but agree  
to quit the liquor! I know I'll have a  
hard time of it for a while—and it may be  
I'll break my promise—but it can't make  
the matter any worse. I'm going to de-  
struction as it is, and maybe I can hold off  
—I know a good many who were as big  
drunkards as I am, and they quit. There  
is nothing like trying.

Mat.—I am glad, Jo, you talk like a  
reasonable being. Now, while times are  
good, suppose we both join the Sons, and  
see what virtue there is in that. As they  
meet to-night, let us go over to the Division  
room and pitch in. But first let us  
tell our poor wives what we have resolved  
to do, and try to get them to join too.  
They will help us mightily to keep the  
pledge. What say you?

Jo.—I'll go to it, certainly, hit or miss.  
I know some people will say we won't stick  
a week; but who cares for that! Those  
very people who will be apt to say so, take  
special care to never advise us to quit the  
liquor, when they know we are on the  
broad road to ruin. If we can stick up to  
our pledge it may induce others to follow  
our example, and who knows how much  
good our joining may do!

Mat.—Our first duty is to do the best  
for ourselves and families we can, and then  
try to prevail upon others to give up the  
liquor and try to do something for them-  
selves. Let us go over and see the worthy  
Patriarch, and tell him what we have re-  
solved to do, and get his advice about the  
matter.

Jo.—I think your idea a very good one,  
and I most heartily agree with you. I can  
tell you, Mat, I feel a hundred per cent  
better now than I did before I met you this  
morning. I have very strong faith in  
these Sons of Temperance, and I know  
that every good man will rejoice to hear  
that you and I have resolved to try to do  
better. Some of the Sons are praying  
men, and I have no doubt they will pray  
that we may hold on, and not only become  
soler men, but Christians. Is it not strange  
that we have continued to act so much  
like brutes, or even worse, so long? But  
it is "better late than never." Good-bye,  
Mat, for the present. I'm going to join  
certain. Good-bye, old Paddy, good-bye,  
old Rot-gut.

## From the Georgia Corner Stone. THE LITTLE CADET; —OR— THE DRUNKARD RECLAIMED.

A Story Founded on Fact.

BY J. H. S.

(CONTINUED.)

### CHAPTER III.

Five years had passed away—five years  
full of great and momentous events.—  
Within that period empires had fallen and  
crowns had been thrown into exile.—  
Continents had been shaken; the nations  
of the earth had gathered their strength,  
and the engines of death were perfected.  
On seas where once floated but one sloop  
of war, now rode in majesty powerful na-  
vies. Millions of human beings had gone  
through the shaded valley to the realms of  
that mysterious spirit-world into which  
mortal vision cannot penetrate. Revolu-  
tions had hurled one man from place and  
power, and set up another. All this and  
more had been wrought within the brief  
period of five short years.

It was in October, 1850, that business  
called me to Washington. Remembering  
the never-to-be-forgotten adventure of 1845,  
I determined to stop in Richmond a day  
or two. I thought of Charlie. Where  
was he? If in the city I most certainly  
would see him. Great was my delight,  
therefore, to learn that the Grand Division  
of the State was then in session; and that  
where he was speaking in the same church  
where five years before the eloquent O'Neil  
had delivered his masterly speech. I was  
indeed fortunate; I congratulated myself  
upon this fact. After rambling over the  
city I returned to the hotel, and had thrown  
myself upon one of the princely sofas in  
the parlor, when a fine looking, pleasant  
featured gentleman came in, and walking  
up to me, extended his hand, saying—  
"Mr. S., I believe."

"The same sir, at your service, be seated,"  
said I.

"My name is B.—sir; in coming from  
the Division I chanced to call in at the  
clerk's office and in looking over the book  
found your name registered," said he.

"Yes, sir; I arrived this morning."

"Allow me the privilege of welcoming  
you. We shall have a glorious time at the  
church to-night, and the speakers would  
name to the list of speakers would ensure  
a greater interest on the occasion."

"Excuse me, if you please," said I.

"Not unless you insist."

"I will be there; and if perchance a  
thought suggests itself you shall have the  
benefit of it; but do not rely on me. Your  
already appointed speakers will do their  
duty."

"That is good."

"After some further conversation upon  
general topics, Dr. B.—took his leave,  
promising to call for me after tea, on his  
way to the Division Room."

The day drew to a close; the shades of  
night began to appear; the gloom grew  
deeper—it was night. Presently the Doc-  
tor's fine brougham arrived before the door.  
I sprang in by his side, and in a few mo-  
ments reached our destination. I had en-  
tered the room with a few friends and was  
proceeding to the seat which was as-  
signed me, when suddenly I was accosted  
by a bright, happy looking youth who ex-  
claimed—

"O, this is good Mr. S.—How are  
you sir. You don't recognize me, but it  
makes no difference; and he grasped my  
hand in both of his and gave it a grip that  
was equal to the tooth ache."

"Why, is this Charlie?"

"Yes, sir; this is the boy who wanted to  
be a Cadet, and to whom you were a friend."  
"Is it possible?"

"You made me a Cadet; I am now a  
Son of Temperance, and feel prouder with  
this badge on than if I had on my head the  
regal diadem of the proudest monarch of  
the Old World."

"Faithful! I asked."

"Even unto death; and could you see  
my dear mother now you would feel sure  
that there was sorrow in her heart no more."  
"Your mother is in good health, then?"  
"Never in better."

"How is your father, and where is he?"  
"Cautiously ailing."

"Come with me—here he is!" almost  
shouted my young and enthusiastic friend.  
"There is father, a good Son of Temperance!"

of the wine cup, seduced him from the  
paths of virtue, and he became another vic-  
tim to its infernal charms. And though  
its sting is like that of the adder, and its  
bite that of the serpent, he rushed head-  
long to ruin, and was rescued just as the  
last spark of hope was about to expire. He  
wrote up to a true sense of his condition;  
and he vowed never to touch the unclean  
thing again.

I heard his history with much interest;  
and adorned as it was with chaste and beau-  
tiful language, which I have not attempted  
to repeat, it was worthy all attention. It  
was a treat to hear him, and I treasured up  
his words.

We entered the splendid church. The  
organ pealed forth its grandest notes; the  
choir charmed us by its magic singing.—  
The minister sent one heart message to the  
Great I Am, and there glowed over that  
audience a spirit more pure and fervid than  
ever roused Napoleon to action or his Con-  
queror to victory. Several able and pow-  
erful speeches were made. I was then  
called upon. In my feeble way I proceed-  
ed to defend the reform movement. I re-  
lated instances where men had been re-  
scued from death by the friendly hand of  
some Son of Temperance, and then went  
on to persuade my brethren that whenever  
they saw a chance to win a man from this  
vice, not to be backward in making an ef-  
fort to save him. Particularly take care  
of the young. I alluded to Charlie's case,  
baredly concluding, when up sprang the ex-  
cited object of my remarks exclaiming—

"Yes! every word true! Here I am.  
Five years ago, I was ragged, hungry and  
destitute—going to a charity school, half-  
less and shoeless. Five years ago my moth-  
er had to work nearly all night to keep us  
from starving; but a good Samaritan pass-  
ed by, took me by the hand, spoke kind  
words to me, assisted me to join the Ca-  
dets; and my joining caused father to come  
to his senses; he joined the Sons; and now  
there is no happier family in all Virginia  
than our own. Here's father—their's a  
mother and sister—here's me, and I am  
neither ashamed nor afraid to tell you  
what the cause has done for us. And now,  
prethren, continued Charlie, let's break  
out in one shout of joy for our past vic-  
tories."

The shout which went up from the mul-  
titude shook the old temple to its very cen-  
tre. It was an overwhelming and sponta-  
neous outburst of pent up feeling, and was  
repeated, loud and long.

The meeting closed, I accepted Mr. Mar-  
shall's kind invitation to pass the remain-  
der of my stay in Richmond at his house;

and on my way to the hotel, I met Mr. Mar-  
shall, who had preceded us, invited me  
to a seat, looking as he was as though he  
had on my visit five years before. And what  
kind of a seat do you suppose it was?—  
Why, the same identical three-legged stool  
which she occupied on that occasion. But  
my grief was only counterfeited, for with a  
clear ringing laugh she threw the stool out  
of the window, and in a few moments the  
keys of the piano were rendering sweet  
music beneath her skillful touch, while the  
melodious bass of Mr. Marshall, the sweet tre-  
ble of Miss Minnie, the full tenor of Char-  
lie, and the discordant roar of your humble  
servant's voice, as an accompaniment, for-  
med an orchestra worth hearing. Thus  
passed the evening. It was long to be re-  
membered.

And now, reader, allow me to conclude  
this chapter with the remark, that if my  
story proves uninteresting, attribute it to  
the fact that I am relating actual occur-  
rences. The only fiction in this story is in  
the substitution of fictitious for real names  
for the most prominent characters in it.—  
Notion hath this extent—no more.

### CHAPTER IV.

"Honor and shame from no condition rise,  
Act well your part, there all the honor lies."

Time, the great arbiter of events, sped  
upon the wings of the wind; and upon  
everything was written, then as ever—  
"CHANGE." Since the period of the intro-  
duction of my story I had passed from  
quite a young man to some distance past  
half-way point assigned us by the prophet.  
But time goes on regardless of all. Well  
would it be to take admonition from its  
silent warnings. I resume:

After my last visit to Richmond I re-  
moved to another State. Becoming en-  
gaged in business, Charlie was for a time  
lost sight of; but I supposed he had, when  
completing his studies, settled down in his  
native city and began business on his own  
hook. Still ever and anon my adventure  
came athwart my mind, and then I would  
glow with delight upon the interesting  
scene and wonder where my young friend  
was. Where he was, the reader will pre-  
sently see.

Eight years after the events referred to  
in the preceding chapter had transpired,  
business of importance called me to the  
West. My destination was in a new and  
sparsely settled region, though now and  
then, like Jonah's gourd, towns and cities  
were springing up, and thus increasing the  
wealth of the already powerful State of  
Mississippi. I found politics raging.—Kan-  
sas was the fire brand that was kindling  
the strife. Other questions, too, were in  
for a full measure of discussion, and as the  
election approached, became more intense.

Having transacted my business, and find-  
ing that I had a little time to spare, I de-  
termined to look around for a day or two.  
But I was a stranger in a strange land, and  
had no one to show me the points of inter-  
est. Luckily I found a friend in the per-  
son of a very clever individual by the name  
of "Jonathan." We became fast friends at  
once. We started on a grand tour of ob-  
servation, and were just fairly in the street,  
when I heard the sound of music. I en-  
quired the cause.

"You see, sir, here in this State, money  
is freely used in elections; and bands of  
music are employed to keep up the noise

and excitement, for if the people were let  
alone the right man would be elected some-  
times. Indeed, the honest, hard-fisted,  
whole-souled mechanics and farmers have  
a man out now, who does not use these  
means to deceive his fellow-citizens and get  
votes."

"It is not alone in your State that money  
and such means are used to get votes. I  
have known the dead body of a man to be  
levied upon for debt, because while living he  
refused to pay his house rent with his vote!"  
said I.

"Is that true?" he inquired.  
"As holy writ, I replied.  
"Great Heavens!" said my friend, "was  
such an outrage tolerated?"

"The old Dives had his millions."  
"And the creditors?"  
"Killed himself drinking poisoned liquor."

"An sudden conflagration destroyed a  
large portion of his real estate, and to-day  
he is a chained maniac, incarcerated in a  
Lunatic Asylum."

"Just retribution!" groaned my friend.  
"Nor visited too soon," said I.  
"We have none of those men here!" said  
he, with a shudder.

"I trust the last one was swept off the  
face of the earth when old Dives went into  
the Asylum; and should he ever come  
out into the world again, he will be glad to  
crave charity from the children of the man  
upon whose dead body he levied."

"May my hand wither, if I ever give him  
meat, or drink, or clothing," said I.  
"Money is used here," said my friend, "but  
when a man dies his body at least is sacred."

"Yes, money is freely used every where;  
but your State is as ably represented in  
Congress as any State in the Union. In  
the United States Senate you have Davis  
and Brown; in the House you have  
Quitman and others, whose abilities are of  
the highest order."

"Thank you, my dear sir, for the compli-  
ment you pay me. I can return it most  
truthfully. South Carolina can indeed  
boast of her representatives."

"Yes, Butler, and Brooks, and Boyce,  
and McQueen, and Keitt, and in fact the  
entire delegation are able men."

"But you have not seen our candidate  
for this district—the one I alluded to just  
now?"

"No."  
"Then you have missed a good deal.—  
He, with his father, settled in this place  
some seven or eight years ago, and enter-  
ing upon the practice of the law, they soon  
rose to great professional distinction. The  
father is now a Judge. The son, though  
scarcely twenty-eight years of age, has  
had now nominated him for Congress."

"So young and yet so high?"

"Yes."  
"Is he faithful, honest and true?"

"He is."  
"What are his chances?"

"Good."  
"What is his name?"

"Charles Marshall," said he, "behold his  
name emblazoned upon my banner."

"Where is he from?" I eagerly asked.  
"Virginia, originally," said my friend,  
"looking at me intently."

"I knew a family in Virginia of that  
name; wonder if it is the same?" said I.

"Possibly."  
"Can I see them?"

"Not just now; they live a little way  
out of town."

"But if possible I must see them imme-  
diately," said I emphatically.  
"You must then hire a conveyance," said  
he.

"Very well; let's go at once."

We went to the hotel where we procured  
a carriage; but my friend, guessing the  
state of affairs, prudently declined ac-  
companying me, and I proceeded alone to  
Mr. Marshall's residence.

In due time I arrived at the gate at the  
terminus of a long lane; so bidding the  
driver return with the carriage, I went on  
toward the vine-clad cottage. The shrub-  
bery on either side of the walk was taste-  
fully arranged, and the skillful hand was  
exhibited in every thing. My heart was  
perhaps a little more rapid than usual in  
its pulsations as I approached the house.—  
The past came up in all its force and was  
as exhilarating as it was when, years be-  
fore, I swept across my mind fresh and  
bright the scene of my first love.

Along the walk were erected fairy  
bowers from vines and bushes. In passing  
one of these I heard singing. The voice  
was musical itself—so soft, full of melody,  
that it was like the music of rippling wa-  
ters among the loved vales of home. I  
listened. From whom could it proceed? en-  
raptured by the concord of sweet sounds I  
was about to turn the path to see, when  
out sprang a young and beautiful girl.—  
She stopped suddenly and courtesied low.  
I was much confused, but summoning to  
my aid all my courage, I said—

As my story is growing too long there  
is no better place to curtail it than at this  
point. I shall therefore pass over the two  
weeks of my stay at Mr. Marshall's, by  
simply saying that every thing that refined  
taste and warm hearts could do was done  
for my comfort; and beside this, Minnie  
had promised to become Mrs. S.—

which indeed was the crowning drop in  
my already well filled cup.

I left that house with reluctance. The  
Judge offered every inducement for me to  
make his house my permanent home, but  
dear as that family was to me, especially  
the beautiful Minnie, I loved my Carolina  
home too well to give it up. Other climes  
may be as genial; and other soil as rich;  
yet, it may possess virtues of which mine  
is destitute, yet my own heart prompts me  
to say—

Oh, Carolina! so great, so brave and free,  
No other land beneath the sun  
Is half so sweet to me.

I arrived in the city on the day the can-  
didates were to speak. I managed to  
squeeze into the court house while one of  
them was speaking. He was a tall, fine  
looking man, with an intellectual face; and  
was making an able and eloquent speech.

His friends, too, were in spasms of delight,  
and round after round of applause follow-  
ed when he sat down. I inquired of a by-  
stander who that candidate was?

"The best man by his inches in the  
'destrick,'" he replied. "His name is  
Charles Marshall, sir."

I rushed forward and caught him by the  
hand. He knew me, and the thought of  
fame for a moment gave way to the pleas-  
ure of our meeting.

"Heaven be praised," said Charles, "I  
had rather see you than be elected a dozen  
times. I heard you were at the cottage.  
Bless your soul, I am overjoyed."

I passed over the long talk and the ram-  
bles we had. I returned home.

Charles was victorious. He went to  
Congress; and should the reader ever visit  
Washington during the session of that  
body, he will hear the brilliant young mem-  
ber from Mississippi alluded to in terms of  
the highest praise. His young and beau-  
tiful wife comes in for a large share of at-  
tention from the elite of the metropolis,  
whose society she adorns.

Such is an imperfect history of the little  
boy who wished he were a Cadet.

Judge Marshall and his amiable wife  
still live in peace and comfort. In their  
old age their distinguished son showers up-  
on them all that love he gave them in his  
boyhood, while the affectionate Minnie is  
to them all a father's heart could wish or a  
mother's love desire.

pi and took the lovely rose of "Marshall-  
ville" to my own humble cottage. Minnie  
is now a mother, and sheds the light of her  
love across my pathway, making all sun-  
shine and joy.

My story is ended. I have but one word  
more to say. After I had labored for  
weeks at odd hours to put this in "slip  
shape," I requested Minnie to hear it read.  
She took a seat upon the sofa, and I com-  
menced reading, ever and anon glancing at  
her to see how she liked it; but so en-  
gaged did my sweet wife appear that I  
could read on. When at last I had fin-  
ished and asked her opinion of my story,  
she did not speak. Fearing she was ill, I  
approached her, when lo! what do you  
think? The ungrateful Minnie was sound  
asleep. I retired.

Jefferson's Wedding and his Wedding  
Night.

The following pleasing picture is from  
the Early Days of Jefferson, in the New  
York Century:

"Belinda" (Jefferson's first-love) had  
been married many years, and her bold ad-  
mirer was approaching thirty, when he met  
with a young lady of twenty-two, who pro-  
duced a strong impression upon him. She  
was a little above the medium height, slender,  
but elegantly formed. A fair com-  
plexion, with a delicate tint of the rose, large  
hazel eyes, full of life and feeling; and  
luxuriant hair of a rich soft auburn, formed  
a combination of attractions which were  
eminently calculated to move the  
heart of a youthful bachelor. In addition  
all this, the lady was admirably grace-  
ful; she rode, danced and moved with ele-  
gant ease, and sang and played on the  
harpichord very sweetly. Ad still to these  
accomplishments the possession of  
excellent good sense, very considerable cul-  
tivation, a warm, loving heart, and last,  
though not least, notable talents for house-  
keeping, and it will not be difficult to un-  
derstand how the youthful Mr. Jefferson  
came to visit very frequently at the lady's  
residence, in the county of Charles City.—

It was called "The Forest," and the name  
of the lady was Mrs. Martha Skelton. She  
was a daughter of John Wayles, an emi-  
nent lawyer, and had married in her sev-  
enteenth year, Mr. Bathurst Skelton, who  
dying in 1768, left his young wife a wid-  
ow at nineteen. As the three years of  
mourning began to expire, the beautiful  
young lady found herself besieged at "The  
Forest" by numerous visitors. Of these,  
three were favorites with the fair Mrs.  
Skelton, of whom Mr. Thomas Jefferson  
was one. The tradition runs that the pre-  
tensions of the rivals were decided, either  
by the musical accomplishments of the  
young counsellor, or by the fears of his op-  
ponents. The tale is differently related.—

One version is, that the two unfortu-  
nate gentlemen encountered each other on  
Mrs. Skelton's door-step, but hearing Mr.  
Jefferson's violin and voice accompanying  
the lady in a pathetic song, gave up the  
contest, thenceforth and retired without en-  
tering, convinced that the affair was beyond  
their control.

The other story is, that all three met at  
the door, and agreed that they would take  
their turns. Mr. Jefferson entered first,  
and the tones of the lady in singing with

her companion deprived the listeners of all  
hope. However this may be, it is certain  
that the beautiful widow consented to be-  
come Mrs. Jefferson; and on the first day  
of January, 1772, there was a great festi-  
val at "The Forest." Friends and kin-  
dred assembled from far and near—there  
was frolicking and dancing after the aban-  
doned old fashion—and we find from the  
bridegroom's note-book that the servants  
and fiddlers received fees from his especial  
pocket. It snowed without, but within all  
was mirth and enjoyment in the light and  
warmth of the great log fires, roasting in  
of the ceremony. In the morning the  
bridegroom and bride set out in their carriage  
for "Monticello," where Mr. Jefferson had  
commenced building in 1769, just before  
the destruction by fire of his paternal home  
of "Shadwell."

The journey was not to end without ad-  
venture. As they advanced toward the  
mountains the snow increased in depth, and  
finally they were compelled to leave the  
carrriage, and proceed upon their way on  
horseback. Stopping to rest at "Ellen-  
helm," the seat of Col. Carter, where they  
found, however, no one but an over-seer,  
they left it at sunset, resolutely bent upon  
reaching Monticello before night. It was  
eight miles distant, and the road, which  
was rather a mountain bridge-path than an  
honest highway, was encumbered with snow  
three feet deep. We may fancy the sen-  
sations of the newly-wedded bride at the  
chill appearance of the desolate landscape,  
as she passed along through the snow; but  
she was a woman of courage and good  
sense, and did not care for inconvenience.  
It was late when they arrived, and a cheer-  
less reception awaited them—or rather  
there was no reception at all.

The fires were all out, the servants had  
gone to bed, and the place was as dark and  
silent as the grave. Conducting his wife  
to the little pavilion, which was the only  
place habitable at the time, Mr. Jefferson  
proceeded to do the honors. On a shelf  
behind some books, part of a bottle of wine  
was discovered; and this formed the sup-  
per of the bridegroom and the bride. Far  
from being annoyed, or discomfited by  
their reception, however, it only served for  
a topic of jest and laughter. The young  
lady was as merry and light-hearted as a  
bird, and sent her clear voice ringing  
through the dreary little pavilion as gaily  
as she had ever done in the cheerful draw-  
ing room of "The Forest."

Thus the long hours of the winter night  
flew away like minutes, winged with laugh-  
ter, merriment and song. The vigil was a  
mirthful incident rather than a trial of their  
equanimity. They were young—and they  
were very young.

When the morning came, when hands are  
there is very little room for merriment.  
Winter nights are not cold. This little  
moral sentiment, will not, I hope, be  
criticised as too romantic for the "dignity  
of history." It doubtless explains how  
a young lady and gentleman, both used to  
every comfort and luxury, found the gloo-  
my little pavilion in the midst of three feet  
of snow, neither dark nor cold, on that  
January night long ago!

The Great Awakening.

The "revival" has found its way into Af-  
rica, and many have become its subjects in  
Monrovia. The following brief statement  
we take from the Missionary Advocate for  
September:

AFRICA.—Yes, Africa, too, is sharing in  
the gracious effusions of the Holy Spirit.  
How far-reaching are the prayers and lab-  
ors of good men. A noonday prayer  
meeting is commenced in New York; it is  
heard of in Africa; the missionaries start  
a similar meeting in Monrovia. A book  
is written narrating the wonderful effects  
of the Fulton street prayer-meeting; ex-  
tracts from it are read in that prayer meeting  
in Monrovia. And now we have before us  
the gracious record of the Spirit's presence  
and power among them. "For two months  
we prayed; Christians of all denomina-  
tions prayed." One who lately brought  
out from America a bundle of tracts, kind-  
ly furnished by a friend in Baltimore, scat-  
tered "Angel Lilly" and the "Child Angel,"  
and many others among them.

A REMARKABLE AWAKENING AT PORT  
GLASGOW.—The Rev. Mr. HATSON, Du-  
noon, made the following statement on  
Saturday at a prayer meeting:

"Last night I was present at a meeting  
in Provost Birkmyer's store, Port Glasgow,  
where there were about 2,000 people pres-  
ent. I found Mr. Fraser, of Gourock, ad-  
dressing the meeting, and it was not long  
before ten or fifteen persons were struck  
down and carried out, just as I had seen in  
Ireland. The meeting was dismissed, but  
those who were anxious about their souls,  
forming a great part of the audience, re-  
mained behind. I addressed them again  
for some time, observed them to be eager  
to hear the Word of God, and while speak-